It is trite to say that we miss half of the good of life by discontent with our surroundings. But, although trite, we pay so little attention to the truth of the statement that we still go on making the same error, and "look before and after and long for what is not." Says Charles Baudelaire: "This life

is a hospital where every patient is possessed with the desire to change his bed. This one would prefer to suffer before the stove, and that other thinks he would recover by the window."

The probabilities are that the malady of discontent would follow the so-called natient wherever he might be situated. He, like the heroine of Mrs. Whitney's Hitherto, is "always holding up his soul with a thorn in it." Or, if the prick is not in his soul, it is in his lot in life, and he makes himself and his friends miscrable by expatiation upon it. Such a person is the most wearing companion in the world, for he makes a constant drain upon our sympathies. And the amusing part of it all is that when this present time over which he makes so much moan shall have become the past, he will then call it the "happy past," and heave a sigh at the thought that it cannot return. Thus he darkens all his pathway through life with foolish discontent, while "the beautiful around him lying" is unnoticed. An excellent cure for this disease of discontent is for a man severely and mercilessly to examine himself and ask why he should be particularly blessed above others, what especial virtue he possesses that should call down upon his head showers of blessings. If he is frank he will acknowledge that so deep-scated is his complaint that he would find some cause for grievance against such showers. For the person who recognizes his failing and is anxious to cure himself of it, a good practice is that of attempting to count the negative mercies-the immunities from pain, sorrow, illness and bereavement. He will be speedily overwhelmed, first, with a realization of his blessings, and next, if he be good for anything, with shame that he could ever have been discontented. Morbid unhappiness is a habit, and a wicked one, and all tendencies toward it should be rigorously checked from infancy to old age. Once let it take root, and it grows with fungus-like rapidity.-Har per's Bazar.

OBEYED ORDERS TO THE LETTER Muggins Told the Englishman to Dig Post

Holes and He Did. "I once knew a man named Muggins who was a queer sort of a person," said Congressman Mondell, of Wyoming, "and I always thought a good deal of him. Once he hired an Englishman to work on his ranch. But when they gave him a trial it turned out that he couldn't ride nor rope. "'Johnny,' said Muggins, 'kin yer dig

post holes? "Johnny thought he could, so Muggins sets him to work making holes in the ground. He draws a straight line for him and then he sits down at one

end and tells Johnny to go ahead.

"'You just dig post holes, Johnny, along this line until I tells yer to stop. Ain't just made up my mind how far I want yer to go. But I'll tell yer.'

"Johnny digs post holes, and Muggins goes out every day to see how he is getting along. But in a few days he gets a call to attend court in Cheyenne and stays away two months. When he comes back he asks: 'Wharabouts is that 'are young

Britisher that was here when I left?" "'Oh, is it Johnny you mean?" "'That same critter,' says Muggins.

"Oh, why, Johnny, he left here about two months ago with six months' provisions and a pack horse, and said you told him to do something or other. He hesn't showed up since.'

"Muggins threw his leg over the back of a cow pony, with a grim expression and a growl and began to follow Johnay's trail by the post holes. By night he catches up with him. There was Johnny with his pack horse and his pro-" 'What be yer doin' here?' said Mug-

"Bless me heyes, Mr. Muggins, but I'm glad to see you!' shouts the Englishman. 'Ow long, sir, are ye goin' to keep

me a-diggin' these bloody post 'oles'." "'How long?' shouted Muggins. 'Ye plagued fool, you're three miles acrost the county line now. Pack up and

come home." "-Washington Post.

Bad Manners. The girl who misbehaves in public displays bad manners and calls attention to the fact that neither her head nor her heart has been trained at home. The other evening a girl of 18 came to an entertainment accompanied by two boys of about her own age and her mother. The young girl sat between the two young men. It was evident that she was in a state of mental elation, and believed that the dual attendance was a mark of her great attractiveness. She carried on a running conversation with her escorts that compelled one man to leave his seat and go farther back in order to hear the lecturer, and subjected her neighbors to great discomfort and annoyance. What can be done to rouse mothers to train their daughters to avoid prominence in public? What can be said to the girls of this country that will make them see the absolute bad manners of dressing or acting in public in a way which reflects on their training? No man of nice instincts is attracted by a girl whose manners are the expression of crude conceptions of

what is fitting.-Outlook. Book Muslin Gowns. "Book muslin," the old-fashioned same for a summer textile once emblematic of a dainty girlhood, has not been used for gowns for so long a time that it comes to us almost as a novel material. It is a sheer and delicate fabric, and where economy and durability are concerned it outlasts half a dozen tulle, chiffon, or mousselaine de soie gowns and even those of silk of mediocre quality. A white embroidered book muslin

Fron County Register HEART of THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Strange Story, Taken From a Hanascript Bequesthed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

Copyrighted, 1894, by H. Rider Haggard.

CHAPTER XIIL-CONTINUED. "Fow good it is to taste tobacco again," he said, as Maya went. "Do you know, friend, it seems to me that Zibalbay has changed. I never was a great admirer of his character, but perhaps I do not understand it."

"Do you not, senor? I think that I do. Like some Christian priests the man is a fanatic, and, like myself, a dreamer. Also he is full of ambition and tyrannical, one who will spare neither himself nor others where he has an end to gain.

"The object of his mission, and, indeed, of his life, is to build up the fal-lan empire of the City of the Heart. In short, senor, though I do not believe in his gods, in Zibalbay's visions I do believe, seeing that they have led him to me, whose aim is his aim, and that neither of us can succeed without the

"Why not?" "Because I need wealth and he needs men, and if he will give me the wealth

I can give him men in thousands." "I hear," answered the senor. "It sounds simple enough, but perhaps you will both of you find that there are difficulties in the way. What I do not understand, showever, is what part Maya and I are to play in this grand affair, who are not anxious to regenerate a race or build up an empire. I suppose that we are only spectators of the game."

"How can that be, senor, when she is Lady of the Heart and heiress to her father, and when," I added, dropping my voice. "you and she have grown so dear to one another.

No, no, senor, you cannot be left out of this game: you are too deep in it already. At present he is well disposed toward you, because he thinks that the oracle may declare you to be the son of Quetzal through whom his people shall be redeemed. But be warned, senor, for if he comes to know that you are not the man, then he will sweep you aside as of small account and you may bid farewell to the Lady of the Heart." "I will not do that while I live," he

answered quietly. "No, senor, perhaps not while you live, but those who stand in the path of kings do not live long. Still, though there is cause to be cautious, there is

no cause to be downhearted." "At any rate, we will stand together, said the senor. "And now, as there is no use talking of the future, I think that we had better go to bed. On one thing, however, you may be certain, unless she dies or I die, I mean to marry Maya.'

CHAPTER XIV. THE CITY OF THE HEART. While it was yet dark on the followng morning we were awakened by the voice of Zibalbay calling us.

"Arise," he said; "it is time to start upon our road." Dressing ourselves, we went into the common room, where we found Zibalbay and the Lady Maya.

"Eat," said the old man, pointing to food that was ready, "and let us be go-

Ten minutes later we were outside of the house and on our way. By degrees as the light grew we saw that the country at our feet was shaped like a bowl, whereof the mountain range upon which we stood formed the rim, and at the bottom of this bowl, fed by numberless streams that had their so arces among the surrounding snows lay the lake, the Holy Waters of this people. Of this, however, we could as yet see little, since the vast expanse beneath us lay hidden in volumes of mist that moved and rolled like the face of

the ocean. Never before had we looked upon anything so strange as this dense garment of vapor while the light of heaven gathered upon its surface, tinging it with lines and patches of color. It seemed as though a map of the world was unrolled before us; continents, seas, islands, and cities formed themselves only to disappear in quick succession and assume new and endless

"It is beautiful, is it not?" said Maya. "But wait until the mist breaks. Look, it is beginning. As she spoke, of a sudden the sea of

mist grew thin and opened in its center, and through the gap thus formed showed first the pyramids and temple tops and then the entire panorama of the city Heart of the World floating as were upon the face of the Holy Waters. It was far away, but now the night fog no longer thickened it, so clear was the atmosphere and so high were we above it that it seemed to be at our feet.

It stood upon a heart-shaped island, and round about the shores of this island, stretching further than the eye could reach, sparkled the blue waters of the holy lake.

"There lies my country," said Maya, with a proud wave of her hand. "Does it please you, white man?" "It pleases me so well, Maya," he an-

swered, "that now less than ever can I understand why you wish to leave it.' Because, though lakes and mountains and cities full of wealth are fine things, it is not to these but to the men and women among whom we live that we must look for happiness."

"Some people might think otherwise, Maya. They might say that happiness must be sought for in ourselves. At least I could be happy in such a landas "You think so now," she answered,

meaningly, "but when you have been awhile in the city yonder you will think otherwise. Oh!" she went on passionately, "if indeed you care for me we should never have crossed that mountain behind us.

"Here I am a great lady, and you will see the people in the streets bow themselves to the ground before me; and if I say that a man shall die, you will see that man killed. Also here I have wealth more than any white woman, and you will be fond of me for

"You are very unjust," he broke in angrily; "it is shameful that you should speak to me thus for no cause." "Perhaps I am unjust," she answered with a sob, "but there are so many troubles before us. First there is

"What does Tikal want?" asked the "He wants to marry me, or to become cacique of the city in my right, which is the same thing; at least he will not give me up without a struggle. Then there is my father, who serves two masters only, his gods and his country, and who will use me like a piece in a game if it suits his purpose; yes, and you, too. Our good days are done with, the evil ones have to come, and after them-the night. Henceforward we shall find few ity. A white embroidered book muslin opportunities of speaking even, for I shall be surrounded by officers and waiting ladies, who will watch my with occasional pressing and with renewed laces and ribbons it can do a every action and hear my every word, words he cursed aloud in his anger, and cide. power of duty as a dressy toilet. The cleaner's, not the laundry woman's, art can restore it, when soiled, to almost its original crispness and freshness.—St. Louis Republic.

every action and hear my every word, and my father will watch me also."

"Now I begin to be sorry that I did not take your advice and stop on the further side of the mountain," answered the senor. "Do you think we can the senor. "The man stared and hesitated till the lead."

"I tell you that I am Zibalbay come home again, your lord and no other," he cried, "and you will be wise to do my bidding."

The man stared and hesitated till the lead.

us down. We must go on now and meet | ing: our fate, whatever it may he. Only whatever you hold dear, that you will turned from the dead." cleave to me till I am dead as I will cleave to you," and taking his hand in fast as his fear would let him. hers she looked up appealingly into his

thoughts, chanced to turn and see

"Come hither, daughter, and you, white man," he said in a stern voice. Listen, both of you. I am old, but my sight and hearing are still keen, though yonder in the wilderness I took no heed of much that I saw and heard. Here in my own land it is otherwise. Learn, white man, that the Lady of the Heart is set far above you, and there I think she will remain. Do you understand

my meaning?"
"Perfectly," answered the senor. striving to control his anger, "but, chief, it is a pity that you did not see well to tell me this before. Had it not the forest. Why did you not tell me there that I was no fit company for your daughter?"

"Because you were sent by the gods to do me service, and because there I had need of you, white man," answered Zibalbay, quietly, "as maybe I shall have need of you again. Had it not parted company on the further side of the mountain. "In truth I wish we had!" exclaimed

the senor. As I walked on side by side with Zibalbay I spoke to him, saying: "You use sharp words toward him who is my brother, chief, and therefore toward

"I speak as I must," he answered coldly. "Many troubles await me at the city. Did you not hear what that knave said last night, that Tikal, my nephew, whom I left in charge, rules in my stead? Well, this girl of mine, who is affianced to him, and through whom he hopes to govern in after years, may be the only bait that will tempt him from his place, for he looks upon me as one dead, and it will not please him to lay down the rod of power. How should it please him, then, and those who follow him, to see a white stranger holding that daughter's hand and whispering in her ear? I made no answer, for at that mo-

ment we turned a corner and came face to face with the bearers of the litters whom Zibalbay had summoned to meet There were forty of these men or

more; for the most part they were tall and well shaped, with regular features and, like Zibalbay and Maya, very fair for Indians, but the look upon their faces was different from any that I have seen among my people. It was not stupid or brutal, or even empty, rather did it suggest great weariness. Weariness was the master not of their bodies, but of their minds, and looking at them I could understand what Zibalbay meant when he said that his race was outworn.

Summoning the captain of the bear ers Zibalbay talked to him while his companions ate food that they had brought with them, and I noted that what he heard seemed to give him little pleasure. Next he ordered us to enter the litters. We started forward down the mountain, and in an hour we had left the re-

gion of snow behind and entered the cedar forests. At length, as the evening began to fall, we entered the village of corn growers, a half-ruined place, of which the houses were for the most part built of adobe or mud bricks and roofed

with a concrete of white lime. When Zibalbay descended from his litter all those present prostrated themselves and remained thus, till, followed by some of the head men, he had passed into a house, which was made ready for his use, leaving us without. Presently a messenger came from Zi-

balbay to summon us into the house, where we found an ample meal prepared, consisting chiefly of fish from he lake, baked wild fowl, and many sorts of fruit. By the time we had finished eating and had drunk the chocolate that was served to us in cups of hammered silver, the night had fallen completely. I asked Zibalbay if we should sleep there; to which he replied shortly that we were about to start for the city.

Accordingly we set out by the light of the moon, and were guided to a little harbor in the shore of the lake, where a large canoe, fitted with a mast and sail and manned by ten Indians, was waiting for us. We embarked, and the breeze being off land, hoisted the sail and started toward the Island of the Heart, which stood a distance of about fifteen miles from the mainland.

The breeze was light; but after the cold of the mountains, the air was so soft and balmy and the scene so new and strange, that I for one did not regret our slow progress. Nobody spoke in the boat, for all of us were lost in our own reflections, and the Indians were awed to silence by the presence of their lord, who alone seemed impatient, since from time to time he pulled his beard and muttered to himself.

Before us lay the fabled golden town we had so longed to see. Soon our feet would pass its white walls and our eyesbehold its ancient civilization. "What waits us there?" whispered

the senor, and he looked at Maya. She heard his words and shook her head sadly. There was no hope in her eyes, which were dimmed with tears. Then he turned to me as though for comfort, and the easy fires of enthusiasm burnt up within me and I answered: 'Fear not, the goal is won and we shall overcome all difficulty and danger. The useless wealth of yonder golden city shall be ours; and by its help I shall wreak the stored up vengeance of ages upon the oppressors of my race and build up a great Indian dominion stretching from sea to sea, whereof this city shall be the heart!" He heard and

smiled, answering: "It may be so, for your sake I trust that it will be so, but we seek different ends, Ignatio," and he looked again at

the lady Maya. On we glided through the moonlight and the silence, for from the town came no sound save the cry of the watchmen calling the hours as they kept their guard along the ancient walls, till at ength we entered the shadow of the holy city, lying dark upon the waters, and the Indians getting out their paddles, for the wind no longer served us rowed the canoe up a stone-embanked canal that led to a water gate.

where there was no man to be seen. In an impatient voice Zibrlbay bade the captain of the boat hail the guardian of the gate, and presently a man came down the steps yawning, and inquired who was there. "I, the cacique," said Zibalbay.

Now we halted in front of the gate,

"Indeed! That is strange," answered the man, "seeing that this night the cacique holds his marriage feast at the palace yonder, and there is but one cacique of the people of the Heart. "Get back to the mainland, wanthe gates stand wide."

"No, it is too late; they would track | captain of the boat spoke to him, any

"Fool, would you become food for the swear to me by my gods or your own, or fishes? This is the lord Zibalbay re-There he hastened to open the gate as

"Pardon, father, pardon," he cried, prostrating himself, "but the lord At this moment Zibalbay, who was Tikal, who rules in your place, has walking in front, lost in his own given it out that you were dead in the wilderness, and commanded that your name should be spoken no more in the

Zibalbay swept by him without a word. When he had passed up the marble steps and through the waterway pierced in the thickness of the frowning walls he halted, and addressing the captain of the boatmen, said:

"Let this man be scourged to-morrow at noon in the market place, that henceforth he may learn not to sleep at his post." On the further side of the wall ran a

wide street, bordered by splendid houses built of white stone, which led to the central square of the city, a mile or been for what we and one dead were more away. Up this street we walked able to do to save you, to-day your swiftly in silence, and as we went I bones would have been whitening in noticed that much of it was grass grown, and that many of the great houses seemed to be deserted: indeed, though light came from some of the latticed window places, I could see no

sign of any human being.
"Here is the city," whispered the senor to me, "but where the people?" "Doubtless they celebrate the wedbeen for that chance we should have ding feast in the great square," hearted company on the further side of answered. "Hark, I hear them."

As I spoke the wind turned a little, and a sound of singing floated down it that grew momentarily clearer as we approached the square. Another five nutes passed and we were entering it. It was a wide place, covering not less than thirty acres of ground, and in its center rising 300 feet in the air gleamed the pyramid of the Temple of the Heart, crowned by the holy fire that flickered eternally upon its summit.

In the open space between the walls of the inclosure of the pyramid and the great buildings that formed the sides of the square, the inhabitants of the city were gathered for their midnight feast. All were dressed in white robes, while many wore glittering feather capes upon their shoulders, and were crowned with wreaths of flowers. Some of them were dancing, some of them singing, while others watched the tricks of jugglers and buffoons. But the most of their number were seated round little tables cating, drinking, smoking, and making love, and we noticed that at these tables the children seemed the most honorable guests. and that everybody petted them and waited on their words. Nothing could be more beautiful or stranger to our eves than this innocent festival celebrated beneath the open sky and lighted by the moon. Yet the sight of it did

not please Zibalbay. Along the sides of the square ran an avenue of trees bearing white flowers with a heavy seent, and Zibalbay motioned to us to follow him into their Many of the tables were placed just beyond the spread of these trees, so that he was able to stop, from time to time, and, unseen himself, listen to the talk that was passing at them. Presently he halted thus opposite to a table at which sat an oldish man and a woman, young and pretty. What they said interested him, and we who were close by his side understood it, for the difference between the dialect of these people and the Maya tongue is so small that even the senor had little difficulty

"The feast is merry, to-night," said "Yes, husband," answered his companion, "and so it should be, seeing that yesterday the lord Tikal was elected cacique by the Council of the Heart, and to-day he was wedded in the presence of the people to Nahua, the beautiful child of the lord Mattai." "It was a fine sight," said the man, 'though for my part I think it early to proclaim him cacique. Zibalbay might vet come back and then-"

"Zibalbay will never come back, hus band, or the Lady Maya, either. They have perished in the wilderness long For her I am sorry, because she was so lovely and different from other great ladies, but I do not grieve much for him, for he was a hard taskmaster to us common people, also he was stingy. Why, Tikal has given more feasts during the last ten months than Zibalbay gave in as many years, moreover he has relaxed the laws so that we poor women may now wear ornaments like our betters." And she glanced at a gold bracelet upon her wrist.

"It is easy to be generous with the goods of others," answered the man. Zibalbay was the bee who stored. Tikal is the wasp who eats. They say that the old fellow was mad, but I do not believe it. I think that he was a greater man than the rest of us, that was all, who saw the wasting of the people and desired to find the means to stop it." "Certainly he was mad," answered the woman. "How could he stop the wasting of the people by taking his daughter to wander in the wilderness till they died of starvation, both of them? If anybody dwells out yonder, it is a folk of white devils of whom we have heard, who kill and enslave the Indians that they may rob them of their wealth, and we do not desire that such should be shown the way to our city. Also what does it matter to us if the people do waste? We have all things

that we wish. Those who come after us must see to it. "Yet, wife, I have heard you say that you desired children." Suddenly the

woman's face grew sad, "Ah!" she answered. will give me a child I will take back all my words about him and proclaim him the wisest of men, instead of what he is, or rather was-an old fool gone crazy with vanity and too much praying. But he is dead, and if he were not he could never do this; that is beyond the power of the gods themselves, if, indeed, the gods are anything except a dream. So what is the use of talking about him; let me enjoy the feast that Tikal gives us, husband, and do not speak of children, lest I should weep, and learn to hate those of my sisters who have been blessed with them." Then at a sign from Zibalbay we

moved on, but Maya, hanging back for moment, whispered: "Look at my father's face. Never have I seen him so angry. Yet these tidings are not altogether ill," and she

glanced at the senor. TO BE CONTINUED

Wasps Resort to Suicide. A short time ago M. Henry, a French man, being curious to see the effect of a glass in which a wasp was imprisoned. The wasp immediately showed signs of great annoyance and danger, darting at a piece of paper which had introduced the benzine into his cell. By and by he seemed to have given up the unequal contest in despair, for he lay down on his back, and, bending up his audomen, planted his sting thrice into his body and then died. M. Henry allowed his scientific interest to overcome his humanity so far as to repeat the experiment with three wasps, only to find derers, and return in the daytime when | the other two did likewise. He is, therefore, of the opinion that wasps, under

"WILL SILVER WIN?"

an English Authority Admits It Will Give An editorial in the London Comgland, and claiming the largest circulation in the world, has caused conness men. From it the following extract is taken:

"Leaving the question of tariffs for

a moment, let us consider what a bi-

metallist America will mean for us. In the first place it will mean an immediate premium upon United States a thing which has never been recogexports. The effect of coining silver nized in the platform of any political at the proposed ratio would, in all probability, bring about a great power forced it into the financial plank boom' in manufactures of all kinds. recently adopted at St. Louis against Wages might rise considerably but the the wish and will of Maj. McKinley experience of other countries goes to and his most friendly supporters .show that they would not rise in pro- Denver Republican. portion to the advantage which exporters would derive who sent their the United Kingdom. The manufacturers of the states would not be quite in the same position of vantage as the agriculturists of the Argentine, nor the exporters in India, but they would have a sufficient leverage over the manufacturers here to turn the scale in 1873 and never was greater than sixteen to one. every trade where now there is a doubt which way the market trends. In tin plates many kinds of machinery, including some of the very heaviest; in leather, and in many sundry manufactures where the British producer can with difficulty hold his own, the effect of the change would be decisive. Then this policy is also a bribe to the farmers. American dead meat-live cattle being prohibited-wheat and all farm produce suitable for exportation would come over in greatly augmented quantities, for the difference in the exchange would mean such an addition of profit that an immense stimulus would McKinley. Lord pity the party. We have be given all along the line. As to silver mining, all that can be said is that there would be a rush. The dimensions of the movement would depend upon many things impossible to foresee. These anticipations of what has become possible are not, be it remembered, based on mere theory. We know already too well what to expect from foreign traders in a country where silver is the standard currency. India, Japan and Argentina are all bearing witness to the insidious effect on British trade of conditions now in perspective in the United States. Meantime, we cannot too soon face the possibilities and realize the true significance

of the position as it is." Among our local business men this is considered a substantial acknowledgement that free silver coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one with gold would give us the markets of the world, both for our manufactures and our agri-

SOME LOVELY FALLACIES.

A Favorite Argument of the Gold Standard Advocates Meets a Serious Snag. When the advocate of the single gold standard is asked to explain why wheat, cotton and other products as well as silver have fallen so in value, he replies that the production has greatly increased. To bear himself out he shows that the cotton crop has come. been growing larger and larger, that the wheat crop has increased and that silver production has doubled in the last 20 years. But a very slight investigation will

show that there are cracks in this theory.' In the first place, there has been no phenomenal increase in wheat growing, and the crop of the world averages only about a bushel and a half to each inhabitant of our planet, which is a very moderate allowance for a year. To claim that there is an over-production is to assert that money can be made on wheat only when the supply is so scanty that starvation is threatened. So far as cotton is concerned, it may be true that there is occasionally a slight over-production, but it is not sufficient to cut the value of the staple in two. Moreover, as the population has been going right ahead at the same time, and the savages are beginning to accustom themselves to shirts, the reduction should have been gradual and slight.

Silver's price has been cut in two since the act of demonetization in 1873, and it is said to be due to overproduction, not to demonetization. In other words, the goldolaters claim that if silver had been freely coined right along, its value would have fallen just the same. In 48 years the west has produced fully \$2,000,000,000 of gold and \$1,350,000,000 of silver, yet gold has maintained, even increased, its value, while silver has declined. Here the production theory meets with a snag. In 1875, according to the director of the mint, the world's gold production was \$97,500,000, while the estimate for 1896 is \$220,000,000. The gold production in 21 years has more than doubled. It has increased 125 per cent. The conclusion is unescapable that the value of gold has been kept up because of free coinage, and that silver has fallen because it has not had the advantage of free coinage. Certainly, if there were anything in the gold theory that free coinage cannot affect value, and that a great increase in production is sure to lower price, then the phenomenal increase of 125 per cent. in the production of the yellow metal ought to have sent the price of it down to Jericho.-Memphis Commercial-Ap-

NOT A NEW THING. The Flatform Upon Which President Cleve-

land Was Last Elected Declared Unequiv ocally for Silver. One would think, to see some of the hysterical editorials in the metropolitan newspapers of the east, that the free coinage policy so boldly and clearly enunciated in the Chicago platform is something entirely new in this country, but that is not the case. As long ago as 1877 Maj. McKinley, the present republican nominee for presibenzine on a wasp, put some of it under | dent, voted, as a member of the house, for the Bland bill, which provided for the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one. That bill passed the house by a good deal more than two-thirds majority, and it would have passed the senate by an equally large vote if Senator Allison and a few other tricksters and trimmers had not betrayed the interests of the country by changing it into a limited coinage act on the purchase plan. Since that time there has never been a congress in which a large majority of the demo-

dent Cleveland was elected in 1893 de clared unequivocally for bimetallism and the free coinage of both metals without discrimination or charge for merce, a recognized trade authority, a mintage, and the bill repealing the champion of monometallism for En- purchasing clause of the Sherman act contains a similar pledge, solemuly enacted by congress and signed by siderable talk among Cincinnati busi- President Cleveland. With what grace, then, can the bolting democratic organs ask their readers to believe that free coinage is a new heresy which decent democrats cannot accept? It is the single gold standard which is a new thing in our financial policy, and party in this country until the money

ST. JOHN ON SILVER.

goods to a gold-using country, to-wit, The ex-Governor of Kansas States the Situation Very Plainly to His Neighbors. In a recent address to his old neighbors and fellow-citizens at Olathe, Kan., ex-Gov. John P. St. John said: Gold has no commercial value. It sells for a given price because the law fixes the price. The ratio of gold and silver never deviated till There is no money in this country to-day but fiat money. Gold and silver are only money by reason of the flat of the government. If we have a 50-cent silver dollar we have a 50-cent government and a 10-cent party in charge. Why is silver not worth as much in bullion as in dollars? Because you cannot have it coined. If we had free cottage it would be placed on a parity with gold as it used to be and the old dollar of our daddles wil take care of itself. We are referred to Mexico. Mexico floats a 100-cent dollar when the United States floats a 200-cent dol lar. In 1873 a bushel of wheat would buy a gold dollar, now it takes three bushels of wheat to buy it. We had free silver 81 years and did not drive gold out of the country. Gold never was so hard to keep in the country as now. Grover Cleveland has gone over to lessened our per capita circulation and increased our debt. I thank the Lord I love my country enough to believe we are capable of taking care of ourselves. The continental money was not payable in gold and with it we won our liberties. We are the most independent nation on earth and if other countries don't want our money we can do without their goods. It foreign countries send us their silver they would have to buy our goods or take their dollars back and sell them for bullion. The mortgage debt of this nation is \$6,000,000,000. The mortgage debt of Kansas is \$243,000,000. It is only a question of time when we go down to serfdom. The government forced the people to contract the debt. We want one kind of money for all the people, not all kinds of money for all kinds of people. On the turn of this campaign depends one of two things-whether we shall have any government by the people, of the people and for the people, or be blotted from the nations of the

"FOREIGN INVESTOR" BOGY. Five-Sixths of the American People Do Not

Care for England's Displeasure. In fact, if foreign investments were stopped altogether for a spell, the cultural products. - Cincinnati En- United States and the vast bulk of her people would be better off. It would be the worse for the American goldbug capitalists and speculators, of course. They would lose much of their profits. But the loss would be the American people's gain, for it is out of the universally fleeced American people, and more particularly the American producer and the American work- | tach his signature thereto under oath. ingman, that these profits ultimately

Therefore it is that five-sixths of the American people do not care a snap of their fingers for the displeasure of the Lombard street capitalist, and that they bid him go his way while they go theirs. It is by reason largely of these unneeded foreign investments, anyway, that the brokers of the east are screwing 18 and 20 per cent. interest for money loans out of impoverished debtors in the west, and that they are foreclosing mortgages on the homesteads of these poor people every day.

The gold-bug lender who extracts from the borrower, labor or products equal to 150 cents on the (gold) dollar has had and is having his inning. The borrower, who is the producer and worker, is going soon to take his .-New Orleans Times-Democrat. SOME PLAIN FACTS.

Free Silver Will Increase the Value of Every Farm in the West. The proposition to coin silver at the ratio of sixteen to one is nothing more nor nothing less than a proposition to increase in value every town lot and every farm in the west. Free coinage means an increased price for every bushel of grain and every animal raised on the farm; free coinage means more money in the country so that the people can prosper and pay their debts; free coinage means better wages for every laboring man in the land; free coinage of silver will give us dollars that are worth 100 cents, and being a legal tender, will pay taxes, salaries and debts exactly the same as gold will do. We cannot understand why any farmer in the west should object to receiving a better price for his grain. There cannot be 50-cent dollars under free coinage. The silver dollar will be a legal tender and a legal tender will pay a gold mortgage and pay railroad freight exactly the same as gold. The west raises produce and exchanges it for money. The more money the west gets in exchange for its products the more prosperous we will be. Isn't that as plain as the rose on your face?-Free Coinage In-

dependent The Mexican Dollar The gold standard men point to the fact that a United States dollar will buy two Mexican dollars as an argument in their favor, but they fall down when they undertake to make the application. That fact only proves what the silver men have insisted upon all the time, that there is nothing quite so high-priced and hard to get as the United States dollar. It will buy twice as much wheat, twice as much oats, eorn, cotton and cow as it ought to buy, and twice as much as

it bought a few years ago.-Clay Center (Kan.) Dispatch. Programme of the Gold Power. Conditions are not so bad as they can be made. The gold standard has not yet done its worst. Convert the remaining greenbacks and treasury notes into bonds, and take the legal tender from silver, and then the bottom will be reached. And this is the programme of the gold power. It will be carried out if the advocates of the gold standard get the president and congress.-Exchange.

Does Not Favor Classes. Free coinage is not a favor to any one class. It is decidedly the opposite crats in both senate and house would of a favor to a class. Free coinage not have voted for free coinage at the | will not help the owner of silver parratio of sixteen to one, and it is a mat- ticularly. It would put a stop to the ter of official record that in almost all government helping the owner of gold. the congresses held in the meantime a | That is the thing to bear in mind, and large majority of the democrats in that is the thing that the cleavage of both houses did vote for such a meas- sentiment will presently raise above ure. The platform on which Presi- controversy. - Detroit Tribune (Rep.). PITH AND POINT.

-Adolphus -- "I wonder if Miss Sharpe is guying me, or if she is really gone on me?" Theodore—"Why, what did she say?" Adolphus—"She said 1 would always be fresh in her memory. -Boston Transcript.

-"I shall have to give up going on the stage." "Why so?" "My hair is coming out in handfuls." "I don't see what--" "Pretty soon my trainer will be unable to drag me about the floor."--Cleveland Plain Dealer. -"Oh, mamma, cried little Frances,

"there are two new dear little kittens in a box down in the laundry with the old cat." "Are there, dear?" "Yes, mamma, and this year's style of kittens is black, trimmed with white."-Harper's Bazar.

-"Perhaps you can guess my mission," said the reporter, after the statesman had read the proffered card. "I have called to ascertain what sort of money you are in favor of." The statesman opened the door, looked out, closed the door again, locked it, pulled down the windows and whispered in the ear of the waiting newspaper man: "Cam-

paign funds."-Cincinnati Enquirer. -Why He Regretted .- An old Scotchman who had been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his "native glen," and, meeting an old schoolfellow, they sat down to have a chat about old times and old acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Geordie McKay. "He's dead lang ago," said his friend, "an' I'll never cease regrettin' him as lang as I live." "Dear me! Had you such a great respect for him as that?" "Na, na! It wasna' on'y respec' I had for himsel', but I married his widow."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOT A TRAVELER.

A Living Toad That Didn't Travel Six Inches for Thousands of Years. In the mining district, some three miles from this city, there has just been made a most novel, and, viewed from a scientific standpoint, a most interesting and valuable discovery. Half way up the mountain a prospector was working in a six-foot ledge of calcareous rock, bearing every evidence of the silurian age. He had progressed fully five feet into the ledge when a blow of the sledge revealed to his astonished gaze a live toad snugly esconced in a cavity in the solid rock about the size of a quart cup. The sides of this cavity were perfeetly smooth and bore no evidence of

crack, seam, or crevice. The toad's position was about equally distant from the upper and lower surface of the ledge. Above the ledge is a stratum of pure white sandstone, three feet thick; and immediately over this a layer of soil, out of which tower great

oak trees, two feet in diameter. The find was made by D. D. Field, formerly of Topeka, Kan., and an experienced miner, who has for some months been prospecting in the mineral region in this vicinity. Asked as to the accuracy of the above account, Mr. Field signified his willingness to at-The mayor or any prominent citizen of Eureka Springs will vouch for any statement he may make, and any number of Topeka people will testify to his reputation for truth and veracity.

When first exhumed from his adamantine tomb the toad's eyes were closed and there was little manifestation of life, other than a palpitating motion of the throat. Shortly after his advent he opened one eye and began to move his front legs. Gradually his stiffened members regained their strength, until now he is a decidedly lively batrachian. He refuses all food, however, and has forgotten, if he ever knew, the art of hopping. But he is an expert crawler, and seeks, and evidently enjoys, the light of which he so long had been deprived.

Time, though, has set lightly on his batrachian brow. He seems to appreciate, too, the importance and privileges which attach to great age, and moves about with a silema and arrogant mien. But when you scratch his sides with a lead pencil, he readily yields to the seductive sensation, places one front foot on his heart or stomach, and, as he cocks one eye up ecstatically, seems to say: "Oh! if you would only make it my back." Unlike Shakespeare's toad. he does not sweat venom nor moisture of any kind; his color, a lurid copper hue, further marks his personality as distinctive from any patrachian yet

Some years ago, near Peoria, Ill., a live toad was discovered in a sub-cartoniferous formation under similar conditions, except that it was of a pale s.ate color. Mr. Field will endeavor to preserve the life of his little ward, and it will probably be sent to the Smithsonian institution.-St. Louis Globe-

Variation.

The little boy whose head has a tendency to bulge out at the top like a mushroom, owing, as his parents truly believe, to the extraordinary amount of knowledge it contains, was gazing gravely at his father who was making his breakfast off ice water. "People change a great deal when they grow up, don't they?" the boy ob-

"Of course," his mother answered. "And yet they're very much the same, after all," he continued, musingly. "What are you talking about? "About grown men and boys. When a

served.

boy goes out and cats whatever he wants and pays no attention to what anybody says the next day he has a stomach ache." "Very often." "And when a grown man goes out to

a banquet, the only difference is that the next morning he has a headache. The ache seems to move around, but it's there, just the same."-Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Want Kid. A little fellow who lives near us went into a shop some weeks ago to buy a pair of gloves. The shopman stared at his juvenile customer and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly

informed him. "Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman. "Kid gloves," ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now. I want 'grown-up'

ones!"-Town and Country Journal. A Misunderstanding. Mr. Fogg-What made you so late coming home from school?

Tommy-Teacher kep' me in. "Why?" "It was jist a misunderstanding."

"Well, what sort of a misunderstand

"Why, I didn't understand my jography lesson."-Tit-Bits.